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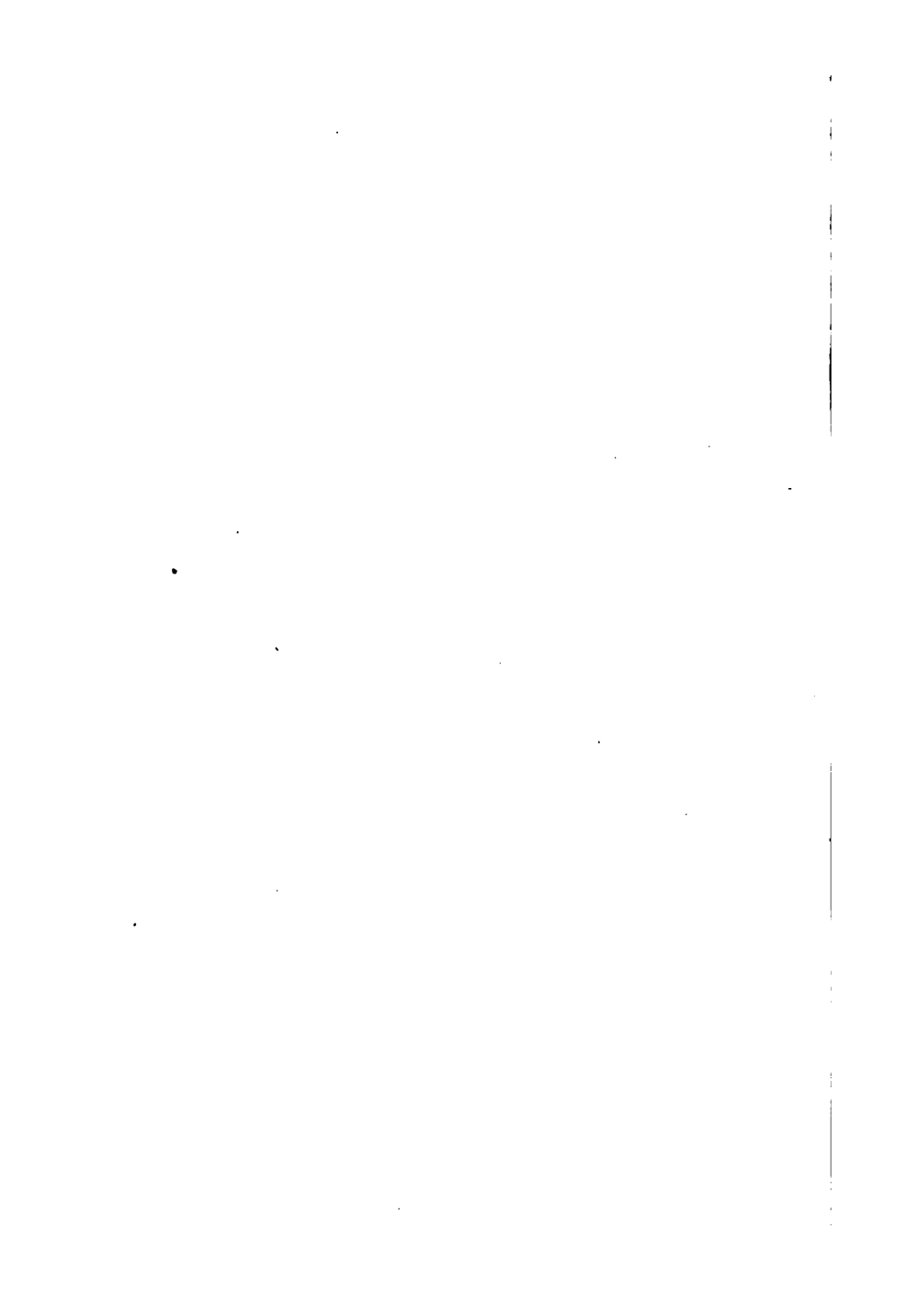
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IOWA STORIES

BOOK ONE

**BY
CLARENCE RAY AURNER**

FOURTH EDITION

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PREFACE

In venturing to offer a book of this kind the author has purposed to introduce the child to the history of his own State. The experiences of a number of years in the public schools have led him to believe that the immediate environment is not advantageously used in instruction. But before entering upon a treatment of local government as expressed in township, in county, or in State organization it seems important to arouse an interest in the events connected with the settlement of the State and in the home building of the early settlers.

Our State is well served by two institutions which have been established to conserve the historical values of the Commonwealth. The State Historical Society was established in 1857 at Iowa City. It has collected a large library of interesting books dealing with State history which is housed at the State University. Under the supervision of Professor Benj. F. Shambaugh the Historical Society publishes many books and articles about Iowa history. These publications along

with *The Iowa Journal of History and Politics* are sent to a large number of libraries in Iowa so that information about the State may be available to many citizens.

The State Historical Department at Des Moines which was organized about 1892 is directed by Curator Edgar R. Harlan. In its building, many books, papers, and pictures have been collected together with many interesting things which were owned by the pioneers. The original articles from which the pictures within the text of this book are taken are all in the State Historical Department at Des Moines. A journal, *The Annals of Iowa*, is published here and sent to the libraries of the State.

Both these institutions create an interest in the history of the State through the material they collect and through their publications.

A good State map should be at hand in connection with the use of this book. A county road map would be an advantage in supplementing the sections on roads.

IOWA CITY, IOWA
MARCH, 1917

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THE FIRST ROADS IN IOWA

The boys and girls who see automobiles every day do not know very much about the first roads. In these days people travel very swiftly over the country roads, over the railroads, and sometimes in flying machines. But long before Iowa was known to white men the Indians had roads of their own.

Suppose some day you should look out of your window and see a long line of ponies coming along the street or the country road one behind the other. As you watch the long line and the ponies carrying the big Indians and the squaws with the papooses on their backs, they always keep in a single file. Perhaps some of the ponies have no riders but carry a big bundle of stuff for wigwams.

When such lines of ponies and Indians were first seen in our State there were no roads which white men traveled; but across the wide prairie and through the deep woods the

red men made a path. This path was not wide enough for the white man's ox team and wagon, for some men say it was not more than two feet across; and one can easily see that the track would not need to be very wide for the ponies to travel one behind the other.

After a long time these Indian trails, as they were called, became very hard. They were ready to guide the white man to certain places when he first came to this part of the country. By following these ready-made roads one could readily find the places to cross streams; for the Indians did not live long in one place during the summer time, and in going from stream to stream to hunt and fish, they wore many paths or trails in the prairie sod.

Long after the land had been settled and real roads had been laid out the Indians went back and forth over these routes of travel. They very often stopped at the houses along the way and begged for food. The Indian did not work even to get something to eat and, of course, he did not need to do anything to make the ways of travel any better.

It was his custom to go the easiest way; and since he had no wagons, no bridges were needed to cross the streams. The ponies were able to cross the Iowa rivers at almost any time.

Perhaps many boys and girls have seen places to cross streams where there were no bridges, or where teams and wagons went through the water at a ford. It was to such places that the Indian led the white man by means of the trails or paths which the ponies had made; and there the white man soon fixed a ford for teams and wagons. But he waited a long time before bridges were built at all of these places.

Often in riding across the country one will find a road that does not run straight. It does not have corners to turn sharply in another direction and perhaps it will wind along a stream. Or it may follow along the high ground in different directions leaving the low ground at either side. Occasionally, the streets of a town run, as some say, at an angle. It would not be hard to find such streets in the old towns along the rivers; for

example, in Burlington, in Davenport, in Dubuque, and in Muscatine.

Now all such roads or streets were begun by a few persons making a path and in many places these may be traced to Indian trails. When the white men came to the region they followed these beaten paths and after these were used for a long time it was not easy to change them. Fences were built to enclose farms; and houses were built along streets so that the people did not want any change. Perhaps these will always be left to remind us of the habits of the Indians and the customs of the early settlers.

One of the early settlers of Scott County and of Davenport has mentioned a road, or one main street, which ran through the town along the river bank in 1836. He also said that an *Indian trail which later became a public road* led out of the city nearly where Main Street is now. The trail crossed the old college grounds which, if there is no mistake, are now occupied by the Davenport public high school.

This trail ran along the high ridge as pub-

lic roads came to do later. Another similar trail led in almost an opposite direction. These were the first roads, but by 1838 many public roads had been surveyed to various places in that county. Roads were wanted especially to timbered land and to the Wapipinicon River where there were a good many settlers.

Not only boys and girls but men and women walk and ride over these interesting roads without thinking about their history. Few may know much about the time when the open prairie and the thick woods were in possession of the Indians. But the roads they made were often the beginning of those we travel now.

In 1838 another familiar trail took a course from the village of Chief Poweshiek on the Iowa River down the stream to the old Indian village at the mouth of the Cedar River. The site of the village of the Chief Wapello was on this trail; it passed through the old village of Chief Keokuk, and on to the Mississippi. Along this path the warriors journeyed to their favorite hunting grounds.

No one could find such trails now and be certain that he was right, for they have all been lost in the work of the white man. The growth of grass in the trail abandoned by the Indians, and the washing of the rains where it was worn deep soon caused it to be forgotten. Yet some men seem able to say that in many places there are roads that mark the old pony paths of the first owners of Iowa.

THE ROADS OF THE WHITE MAN

The first white men who came to Iowa to live made homes along the Mississippi River. In such places they could go by boats up and down the stream; and when they moved farther back from the large river they usually found a smaller stream near which they could make their home. The Indians kept canoes all along the streams and the white man could soon do as well.

It was not long, however, until some wished to go across from one settlement to another;

or even from one home to another at some distance, but not on the same stream. Sometimes, of course, teams of oxen or horses must cross the prairie, and very early men began to think of roads quite different from those which followed the Indian paths.

First, from farm to farm in the direction that men wanted most to go these roads were laid out. For that reason they took the shortest, or the most direct course. And it is for that reason, too, that the first roads ran along the ridges of high land. In the low ground there were sloughs of soft earth where loads could not be drawn without much trouble, because the wagon wheels would settle down so deep. Very often these sloughs had to be crossed and they were often worse than the rivers to get over.

Those who live in the eastern part of Iowa may readily find these early roads, but they are not so common in the newer part of the State. The reason may be given better at some other place, but any owner of land can tell why and the map on page 17 may be of some help in understanding it. Because land

was laid out, that is surveyed, in the western part of Iowa before roads were needed, these later roads are like a checker board and have corners everywhere. They are not so interesting as the crooked roads of eastern Iowa.

From Fort Madison, where many immigrants crossed the river in 1836, an old trail led up the divide, or open ridge, between the timber on the Skunk River and Sugar Creek in Lee County. On the way it touched at Pilot Grove, a small timbered spot of a few acres; and the farther one got from the starting place the more branches there were from the main line. But always there was the main traveled road, or trail, which led finally to the Indian trading house or to the Indian agency.

Trading houses were usually on the Indian lands; and roads and Indian trails led in the same directions. Probably they were the same in many places. But trading houses were moved from time to time and trails would be changed along with their removal to some other place. Just so with the Indian agency. It would not remain after the In-

dian had sold his land to the government of the United States.

But before the Indian moved away some settlement may have been made about the place where he went to trade or to be paid his share of money or goods at the agency. Such a name on our State map as Agency City in Wapello County will remind one of those early days. It ought to be quite easy to show that roads and Indian trails were the same in such places. The Wapello County map will show that the city of Ottumwa is the center of a fan-shaped system of roads. And it is known that the site of this city was once the site of an Indian village.

HOW ONE ROAD WAS MARKED

The road of the white man was not so easy to make as the path or trail of the Indian, for the swift pony did not need such footing in carrying a single rider as the horse or the ox which had to draw a load. Besides, some streams could not be readily crossed at fords,

and some other way, which will be described in another place, had to be found.

At this early time when there was not much travel the track was not always fresh enough to be easily followed. That it might not be mistaken some trouble was taken to mark it distinctly. A furrow might be made with a plow which was used to turn the sod, if the road ran over the prairie; if it ran through the woods trees were marked, blazed it was said, with an ax. It is known that poles were set up along one trail so that people could not miss it.

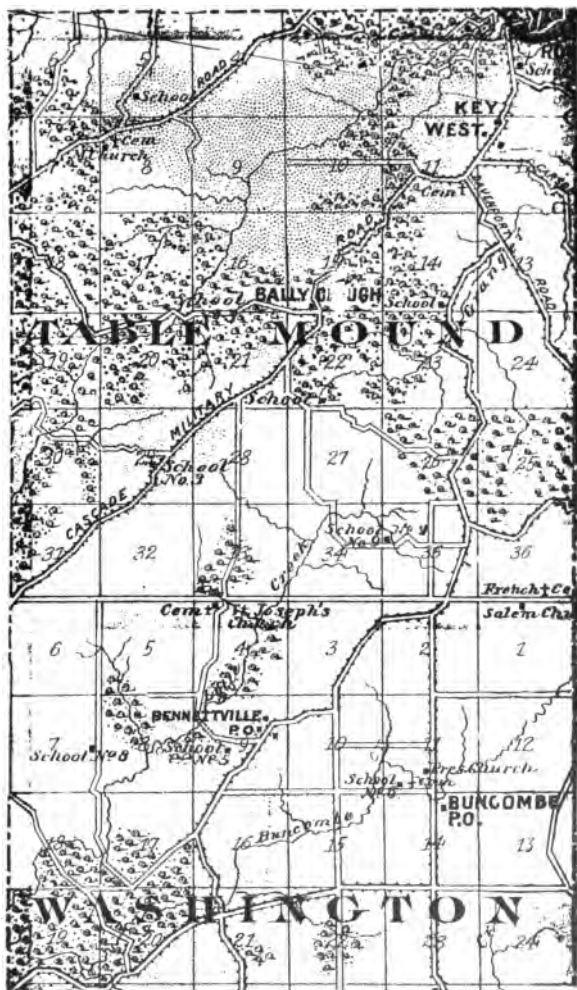
Once a very long furrow was made to mark a road that crossed the country from Dubuque to Iowa City, then the capital of the Territory of Iowa. One may find out about how long this was by measuring the distance on the map. If it was one hundred miles some one will at once ask how such a long furrow came to be made.

It has been said that many persons coming to Iowa for the first time had trouble in finding their way between these two towns; and so Mr. Lyman Dillon was requested to mark

this road. To do this he set out one summer day with his five yoke of oxen and great breaking plow, as it was called by the farmers who used such plows to turn the sod for the first time. A team of horses and a wagon covered with canvas to protect the men at night were also taken along.

In the morning the five yoke of oxen were hitched to the big plow and steadily all the forenoon they moved over the prairie leaving the wide furrow behind. At noon, we may think, the ox driver and his helpers stopped for lunch, while the oxen were turned loose upon the grass to gather their own food. Again all the afternoon they plowed the straight furrow, and when night came the covered wagon protected the men while they slept. The oxen had plenty of time to eat the rich grass, and the men could cut it for the horses.

In this way, day after day for a long time, Mr. Dillon plowed, until by and by, he came to the end of his task at Dubuque. Some have said that this was the longest furrow ever made, and it has been known as Dillon's



ROADS SOUTHWEST FROM DUBUQUE
(Names in large type are townships.)

furrow. This was finished long ago, in 1839, before Iowa had become a State. Soon after this long mark was made the track was well worn and people could no longer lose their way in making the journey. Ever since then this has been called the Dubuque Road.

OTHER EARLY ROADS

Along the eastern border of the State were the first towns: Dubuque, and Davenport, and Muscatine, and Burlington, and Fort Madison, and Keokuk. By and by others were built inland, among them being Iowa City which became the capital of the Territory about 1839. Roads to connect these early towns would, of course, be needed as soon as any were located far back from the Mississippi.

In those early days the longest roads were called Territorial roads, because they were laid out across the country to connect these towns in Territorial days. Since there were no railroads then, stage coaches, about which



OLD ROADS SOUTH AND EAST FROM IOWA CITY TO
BURLINGTON AND MUSCATINE
Bloomington is an old name for Muscatine.

more will be said, ran in all directions over these main routes of travel. Because the capital was at Iowa City many wanted to go in that direction; and one would expect, therefore, to find main roads leading toward that city.

The names of cities like Dubuque and the others just mentioned were applied to these long roads. From Iowa City then there were the Dubuque Road, the Davenport road, the Muscatine road, the Burlington Road, the Prairie du Chien road, the Rochester road, and a good many more. All of these may have lost now their first names in some parts of the State through which they pass; but such names can be found in any county through which they were laid out, if any one is interested enough to look for them in the books where they are described. Sometimes people have changed the old name, and no one now can tell whether he lives on one of these first roads or on one laid out long afterward.

Not all of these roads needed to be marked with a furrow like the one to Dubuque. Usually they were distinctly laid out by men

appointed for that purpose. And since travel increased very rapidly it was not long until such roads were well established. They have been so long used now that one does not stop to think of their beginning.

After these main lines of travel were well known it was not long until people wanted to go across the country in directions between them. For that reason shorter roads had to be laid out to connect the long ones. As these were needed for the settlers who were coming into the State during these early days they were made in directions which men wanted most to go.

When crops had been grown they had to be taken to market or to mill. Now one of the first needs of the new settler was to find a way to get to market or to mill; in fact, roads to such places were necessary at the very beginning of settlement.

If farmers wanted a new road, they asked to have it marked out by men named for that purpose. To do this a long chain used in measuring distances, or in laying off land was carried; and a great many stakes had to

be taken along to mark off the miles or shorter distances. If the road ran through the timber, axes had to be used to cut away the underbrush.

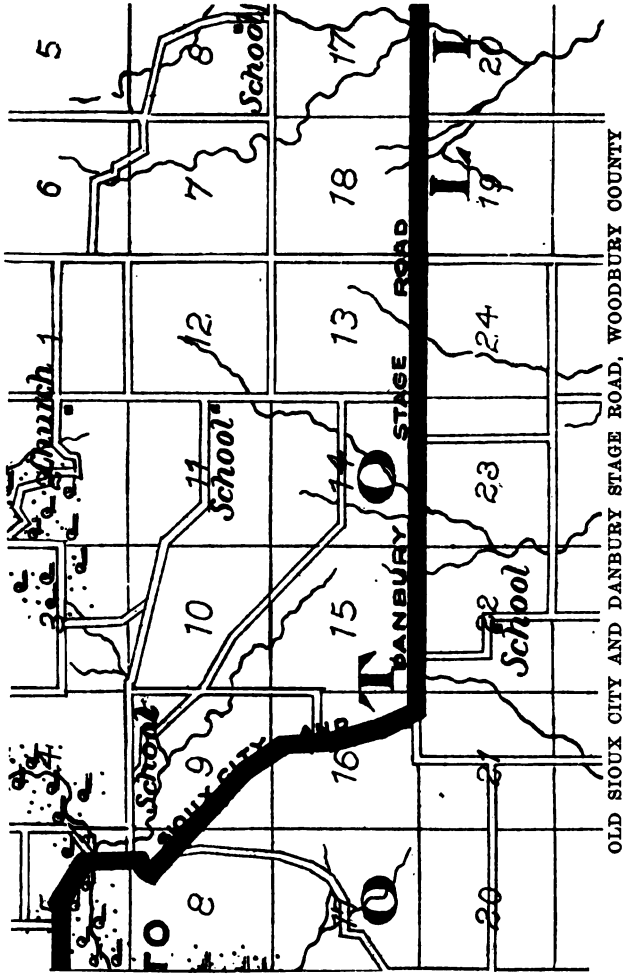
Those who helped with the chain were called chain carriers; those who drove down the stakes were called "markers"; those who cut away the brush or trees were called axemen; and the man who had charge of the work was called the surveyor. Beside these there was probably a driver of the wagon which hauled the material used by all of the surveying party. Places on these new roads were often known by the mile stake, as "the nine-mile stake," or any other mile that might be mentioned to describe a place.

There are a great many of these shorter roads in the earliest counties, and they often have names of men given to them. If a certain man had asked for such a road, or if it ran to his farm, it was probably called by his name. Sometimes the name was given because it ran to a certain place. For example, in one county, at least, there was a road called the "county boundary road", because

it ran to the county line. If a road was called the "Snooks' Grove Road" or Allen's Grove Road it must have been named from some person who had given his name to the grove in the beginning.

In northeast Iowa among the hills of Dubuque and the adjoining counties the road had to be made along the valleys. The high bluffs in many places prevented any choice in direction. That part of Iowa is a most delightful place to ride over the country roads. A good many men would be glad to see all that part of northeast Iowa along the Mississippi River kept for a great park. The high bluffs on the river and the beautiful scenery through which the country roads run along the smaller streams are just as interesting as some portions of foreign lands.

There is another kind of scenery in northwest Iowa, where the wide prairies are crossed in straight lines east and west and north and south by roads at each mile. Sometimes there is an exception like the old Sioux City and Danbury stage road crossing Woodbury County diagonally from



OLD SIOUX CITY AND DANBURY STAGE ROAD, WOODBURY COUNTY

northwest to southeast. One may imagine a ride on that when the smooth open prairie was all there was to be seen. In very many counties there are few roads which are not rectangular. In Webster County a road runs along the Des Moines River south from Fort Dodge and it probably marks the route of early travel; perhaps it is the very trail over which the first soldiers marched to fight the Sioux and other Indians.

Roads leading out from Council Bluffs through the hills and rough lands follow closely along the streams. Indeed they are much like those near the older towns in eastern Iowa. But the early settlement at Council Bluffs would have caused roads to be made in much the same way as they were in other places before the region around was settled or surveyed. In such counties as Osceola or Pocahontas one would search a long time to find a road which did not run like the lines dividing the squares on a checker board. In such sections of the State directions are easily kept; and guide boards at the forks in a road would never be found because there

would be no forks. Of course, square corners are numerous enough, but these are not so confusing as a dividing place or fork in a main road.

One road which could never have been named in pioneer days is now called in some counties through which it passes the "telegraph road". Many roads have telephone lines along them, but only one main road across Iowa has a telegraph line along its entire length. Perhaps some who will read this live on the road along which the Transcontinental Telegraph Line is constructed.

It does not seem right to change the old names of the roads or streets to something fanciful, just to suit people who have no interest in preserving the early history. Neither men and women nor boys and girls should wish to destroy that which connects the present with the past of our State. Sometime people may be willing to give attention to these interesting places and will take time to mark them. It is such roads as these Territorial or connecting roads that run through farms at an angle, and along which one does

not often come to square corners. After the farm houses were built on these, people objected to change, so that now the general direction remains as at the beginning.

The United States Government sometimes wanted a road over which soldiers could travel in the Indian country; or in the new-settled parts where there might be danger to white men. Or, perhaps, soldiers were needed to protect the Indian lands before the white men were allowed to come upon them. Very often the white men were driven out by the soldiers from the places they had settled because the land still belonged to the Indians.

The roads built especially for troops to pass over were called military roads. One of these was laid out about 1839 in Iowa, from Dubuque through the counties of Jones, Linn, Johnson, Washington, Henry and Van Buren to the Missouri line. Bridges were built at some places on the road by soldiers and, of course, it became a very important road for all persons. Someone has said that this road formed the main street of Monticello, in Jones County. It crossed the Cedar River at

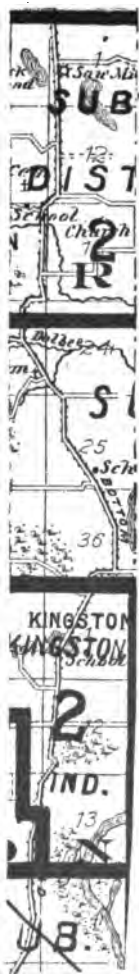
a place called Ivanhoe below Cedar Rapids, and the Iowa River just below Iowa City. Such large streams were crossed at fords or ferries.

Over this route in 1850, the daily stage came from Dubuque. At Monticello there was a station to change horses and drivers; and not far south of that place one might have stopped at the Buckhorn Tavern, which would have been easily known by the deer horns on the archway over the gate. But almost any house on a main traveled road was a tavern to travelers, for no hungry or weary person was turned away, whether or not he had money. On the map of Dubuque County the one road leading from the city directly toward the southwest is called the Dubuque and Cascade military road. This is probably the original route of the United States government road. There were other military roads, but this was the longest one in the Territory of Iowa.

CROSSING THE STREAMS

When roads were first made they often followed along the streams or between them. There are many of that kind now in Iowa, and one of the early roads in Des Moines County is still called the Bottom Road. But it was not possible to have all roads run that way. The streams of Iowa, as one may see, run southeast toward the Mississippi or southwest toward the Missouri; and when one goes directly east and west or north and south they must be crossed.

Many of these Iowa rivers were too deep to ford and some way to be carried over them had to be found. In the very beginning the families that had come from eastern states in wagons had to get over the Mississippi. In the winter time the ice furnished a safe passage; and if a



BOTTOM
ROAD—
DES MOINES
COUNTY

man alone wished to cross perhaps some good Indian would take him in his canoe; or it might be that by going back and forth many times the canoe could transfer a whole family with their baggage.

But it would have been a very slow way to carry many hundreds of people in small canoes across a wide stream. A larger boat at a number of places was soon provided so that wagons with their whole load could be taken at once. It has been said that such a boat was kept at a crossing near where Burlington is now, before white men were allowed to make homes in Iowa, a country which belonged to the Indians. Between Burlington and Dubuque the first one was near a town called Buffalo in Scott County. The large boat used at such places was called a ferry, and it was known by the name of the man who owned or ran it or the place where it was landed.

If there was only one ferry for many miles up and down the stream, people had to come for many miles around to cross it. A story is told of some men who pretended that they

wanted to cross at Mr. Clarke's ferry on the Mississippi soon after it was started. One dark night from the Iowa side of the river shouts were heard from some persons who said they had a large number of cattle to ferry over. Of course Mr. Clarke got his men together and crossed to get the load. But when he arrived at the Iowa side the traders who had called to him laughed at the clumsy ferry and the eight or more men and boys who rowed it, and called the whole thing a joke.

They did not want the ferry at all. But it was not so laughable when the ferryman demanded pay for crossing the stream late at night just to satisfy some unknown men who were playing a joke on him. Since the traders had no money they paid the bill by giving some calico which they kept to trade to the Indians for furs. Probably they learned a lesson and did not try again to fool Mr. Clarke or any other ferryman.

It was not very long until other ferries were started at different places along the big stream. People were coming in crowds to settle in Iowa and they did not wish to be

delayed at the river. Since the flat boat was handled with oars it took a number of men to row it and better power was soon found. After the canoe and the flat boat, the next kind of a ferry was run by means of a horse and a long rope cable. The cable to which the boat was attached by pulleys kept the boat steady and prevented it from being pulled down by the current. The horse on the boat worked the power or tread mill by which it was pulled back and forth to either side.

This was a great improvement over the hand work before the horse was used, and the ferry moved much faster. But it was not long before there were other improvements and a steamboat took the place of the horse and the boat he pulled at the ferries over the Mississippi. There were no steam ferries, however, on the very small streams.

An interesting kind of a ferry located at the foot of Iowa Avenue was run across the Cedar River at Cedar Rapids by Mr. D. W. King, one of the early settlers of that place. The flat boat in use was fastened to a wire

cable with pulleys and the current was made to drive it across. To be sure, there must have been some way to reverse the power in order to return over the same cable.

At the settlement called Ivanhoe, in Linn County, the place where the military road from Dubuque crossed the Cedar River, there was another ferry. Not far below Ivanhoe was still another at Washington (now Cedar Bluffs) where Mr. Abner Arrowsmith in 1840 paid twelve dollars a year for the right to run it.

Sometimes there were private ferries kept by settlers for their personal use. Other people might be allowed to use them but these were not run regularly as ferries must run according to the rules governing them on public roads. One will understand that unless ferries were ready at all times, from sunrise to sunset, as the law might say, people would not be able to know when they could continue their journey. A ferryman, therefore, must not refuse to respond to any call for help in crossing during the hours named in the rules governing him. Such regulations

were very important at crossings on the main roads.

All these changes in kinds of ferries took place before Iowa became a State in 1846. Men were glad to pay a high price for the right to run a ferry on a stream that almost everyone had to cross to reach the Territory. In such cases no one else could start a ferry near by or within a mile or half a mile from the place where anyone had secured the right to run a boat. Of course, anyone could run boats, but not as a ferry for hire.

Sometimes men paid as much as a thousand dollars for the right to run a ferry on large rivers like the Mississippi and the Missouri. But all will understand that the many hundreds of smaller ferries were not worth so much to their owners. Indeed, only two or three dollars a year might be paid for the ferry privilege on the smaller streams. Such ferries were allowed to charge a fixed price for crossing. It would cost less, of course, to cross a stream like the Wapsipinicon or the Cedar River than it would to cross the larger

streams, and more to cross the Cedar and the Iowa Rivers than some smaller streams.

It may interest boys and girls to hear some of the charges for getting over the rivers of Iowa before there were free bridges. For example, a ferryman on the Skunk River in Washington County was permitted to charge $6\frac{1}{4}$ cents for carrying a footman; $12\frac{1}{2}$ cents for a horse and man; 25 cents for a single horse and wagon; $37\frac{1}{2}$ cents for two horses and a wagon; and $6\frac{1}{4}$ cents for each head of cattle, sheep, or hogs.

At a ferry on the Des Moines River near the present city of Des Moines a Mr. John Scott charged $37\frac{1}{2}$ cents to transfer two horses and a wagon. For four horses and a wagon he got 50 cents; for a man and a horse $18\frac{3}{4}$ cents; for a single horse or each head of cattle or a footman he had 10 cents; and for a single sheep 5 cents. Mr. Scott obtained the right to run this ferry on the Des Moines River from the far away county of Mahaska. How this happened will be made plain at some other time.

Fords or ferries were found on all the

streams between the two great rivers on the east and the west boundaries of Iowa. From the beginning, when the canoe or the small row boat was used, improvements had been made in the method of crossing as the country was settled. Many stories are told of the hard times men had in getting over some of the rivers in the earliest days. When a wagon with its load was moved by means of a canoe, each part was taken separately. The load was taken from the wagon and carried one piece at a time. The wagon was taken apart and handled the same way. Then the oxen or horses were made to swim by the side of the canoe or they were let go by themselves. When all had been brought over, the wagon was set up, the load put in place, and the journey was continued.

This was not an easy way to travel even at a time when the ordinary journey was hard enough. But the Iowa pioneer had to go long distances to mill for flour or meal to feed his family in spite of the fact that the rivers were very high; and it often happened that there was no ferry at the usual crossing

place at a ford. Since the water was too deep to ford at certain times of the year, the only resource was the canoe or small boat.

It must have been a great relief from such methods of travel when ferries of sufficient size to take on a team and wagon at once had been started. The boat came up close to the bank of the stream and the wagon with its load was driven directly on board. It might be a flat boat of the old kind; a horse boat like that already mentioned; or a steamboat like the one on the large streams. On most of these boats there were gates to prevent any accident if horses became frightened at the unusual sights or sounds. But an early settler in Black Hawk County has said, that on one occasion he had a narrow escape because there was no gate or bar. The team started to back off into the river when the wheel caught against the side of the boat and stopped them. In another place the rope cable which kept the boat from going down with the current broke and the ferry went over a dam. Since the water was very high the ferry went over without losing its load.

A small boy who came to Iowa from Illinois crossed the Mississippi at Dubuque. The four horse team and the covered wagon were all taken together on the steam ferry from the Illinois side to the landing at the city of Dubuque. At first the boy had seen only the landing place; and he was quite anxious to know how the four horses and wagon with the family were going to be carried over by means of that little platform. By and by his fears were all removed by the approach of the boat, which seemed to him very large. Although the horses were nervous the men took care that nothing should be injured.

In the days when so many were "going west" it often happened that large numbers had to wait at ferry landings in Iowa until their turn came to cross. At such times the banks of the streams filled with white covered wagons and tents presented an interesting sight. Only on the East and West main traveled roads, of course, was this scene common, because the crowd was generally moving in a western direction. Compared to the great number going west, very few were tra-

veling north and south. The important ferries, then, were at the crossings on these main roads.

After the country had become settled these ferries gave way to bridges, although they were not at first free. As in crossing by the ferry, a small fee had to be paid for going over the bridge. These were called "toll bridges" because a toll was collected for each person or animal or wagon that went over. Any one might construct such a bridge if he had permission from the county and obeyed the instructions given him. Often a company of men built one, each having a share in the cost and the profits.

The manager of a ferry sometimes got the right to build a toll bridge. Such rights were granted by the county for a number of years: ten, twenty, or perhaps a longer time. In one case, at least, the man who wanted to build such a bridge asked to have the right to keep it for fifty years. Such bridges were not allowed to obstruct the passing of boats regularly up and down the streams.

By and by the free bridge was built by

taxes which all the people with property had to pay, and any one could cross at any time without charge. In these days the toll bridge is forgotten, for all are free unless they are built at great expense across the largest streams.

THE PIONEERS

Many of the first settlers who came to Iowa had come from states where the farms had been made in the woods. They were not acquainted with the prairie farm where there were no stumps to bother the plow. For that reason they were anxious to find a farm in or near the woods along the streams; and some perhaps intended to grub out the trees to make a farm like the one they had been used to in the former home.

All the time that men had been doing this in the older states, the wide prairies were waiting and inviting them to come where no labor but breaking the sod was needed. Millions of acres, then untouched by the white man, were ready to be tilled. But very many men were afraid that a prairie farm would not be worth very much, just because they had never known anything about such land. Some, indeed, believed that these beautiful Iowa prairies were only deserts. Where the

very finest of the Iowa farms are now it did look very barren in that early day.

If a family had come from a wooded land; and if they had never seen such wide open stretches of country it is not strange that they wished to cling close to the streams where there was a narrow belt of timber. Besides, there is a homelike feeling where the woods and streams are found together; for the trees seem to offer shelter and the stream is company on lonesome days.

Far away in the eastern states men were trying to make a living on hilly and rocky land when all this wide country was almost free. Only a little money with some hard work was necessary to get a start, and then the reward would surely come. Any one can work with some spirit if there is something to work for and if he is sure to be given his share.

The wise settler who came early into the new Territory selected his farm along the edge of the timber near a stream. He made sure to get a piece of timber land and a larger piece of prairie adjoining. The woodland

gave him logs for his house, fuel for his fires, and fences for his lots or fields; and the game of the woodland and the fish of the streams kept him in food. He did not need to dig a well, for he probably found a living spring of water at his very door. The prairie land gave him hay and a place to grow corn and a garden the very first year in the new land. Really, the pioneer in such a place was almost a king in his possessions.

The fine old homesteads, and only a few of them are left for grandchildren, were made in just that way. The old house and the big barn built on the edge of the woods have great beams hewed out of the trees on the farm. Perhaps the old wood house and the brick oven remain. The woods pasture is yet the feeding place of cows and horses and sheep; and the stream is yet a place where children may go boating and fishing. No one ought to leave such a place to spend the summer or the winter among strangers or to live in a great city.

Only those boys and girls who have lived in the newest part of Iowa have any idea of

how the prairie appeared in those long-ago days. Once in a while along the railroad track a small strip of natural sod may be seen. The wild flowers in bloom in June in such out of the way places will show what was once all over the prairie during the summer. From early spring until late in the fall a great variety of wild blossoms could be seen, and gathered without the consent of any one.

There was the tall, coarse, knife-edged, slough grass; the blue-jointed stem and the sweet-scented lowland blades; the fine, short tufts of the uplands and hills. The first kind was good for thatching roofs of stables and for covering stacks of grain and hay; the second made the finest hay for horses and cattle; while the third was good only for grazing. The upland grass made good hay, but when it was dry and the wind blew, no one could keep it together.

As for the prairie flowers — they were too many to be described. The cowslip, the buttercup, and flag, or blue lily, came early along the low, wet places; the white lady-slipper

was hidden in the grass of the lowland; the timid violets clung to the woodland at first but later in the season the open prairie became blue with them. Soon the phlox or Sweet William in many colors appeared; the sheep sorrel sent up its pink blossom and sour leaf; and the wild indigo spread its branches to the sun until the pod was ripe.

In summer the red and the tiger lily swayed above the lowland grass; the wild rose offered a beautiful blossom along with some sharp thorns; and the primrose hid itself in the oat and wheat fields. As autumn came on the Black-Eyed Susans appeared; the gum weed made a forest of strong, stiff, and tall stalks which, when broken off, yielded an excellent gum. If one went about some sunny day and broke these stems square off the sap would come out, and soon become hard and dry. It could then be chewed like any gum; and it had not been made in any factory. Boys have often dreamed of making fortunes by collecting this gum and becoming gum merchants.

But it would take many pages to tell about

all those prairie scenes which many now living have seen. But it is quite certain that the boys and girls of today will not see them.

THE TUMBLE-WEED FROLIC

Remember that this was not a game, not at all; for the weeds were real and they looked like jolly fellows running a race across the new sod. As already mentioned the new farm was broken or plowed up during the spring and summer. But before frost came a multitude of weeds grew up. Each had a single big root which did not grow deep into the earth and a very large bushy top which grew to immense size during the summer. When frost came, however, they dried and the root was readily loosened. It was thus that the frolic began.

Since there were no fences nothing but the tall grass or hay stacks or buildings would stop an object that could be moved by the high winds. And so when these weeds were loosened, they went flying helter-skelter be-

fore the gale over the new breaking and across the prairie. All the big and little weeds went tumbling along at a great speed; they seemed to be in a mad race to get somewhere before dark. Some were as big as bass drums and then there were tiny fellows that soon got lost in the race. When something interfered these rolling spheres would pile up like snowdrifts and they made a fine blaze in a prairie fire.

PRAIRIE FIRES

It was fun to watch the tumble-weed frolic but frightful enough at times to see a prairie fire. When there were miles upon miles of open land covered with dry grass either in the fall or in the spring nothing could stop such a fire. A tiny blaze at first would soon grow into a long line of fire moving across the prairie in early times as fast as a race horse.

It was very dangerous to be caught in front of such a fire, but there was one way to safety if there was enough time. By making another

fire about the place to be protected and beating it out on one side before it became too strong, a small burned place would soon be left into which the traveler could go and wait. Or the settler might burn around his property the same way. This was called "back-firing" and it was sure relief. Usually the farmer plowed a strip of land around his home, but even then the fire sometimes leaped across the furrows.

After the land had been partly settled, it was a thrilling sight to see on a still, dark night the different lines of fire moving across the level ground. To a small boy it was like the pictures of companies and regiments of an army as the fire slowly burned out because of plowed fields. Since the tall slough grass burned rapidly while the short upland grass burned slowly, the lines of fire became irregular and the boy's fancy pictured armies in battle array.

Sometimes a fire set out to burn wheat stubble, that is the wheat stalks left after harvest, would get away from the farmer and burn his neighbor's stacks. This was

very unfortunate, because the man who set the fire must pay all the damages.

If a fire threatened to burn a home, a team might be hastily hitched to a plow and furrows be run along in front of the approaching blaze. Very often the whole family would try to whip the fire out. Neighbors would come to help and with wet mops or anything that could be used to put out the blaze they would fight the danger at great risk of being burned. The work of a whole summer might be destroyed in a few moments; for once under headway, a fire would even sweep through green grass, killing the blades as it advanced, and wiping out in a brief time the stacks in the harvest field.

Very early in Iowa laws were passed to prevent such accidents by punishing men who carelessly caused them. Hereafter if the Iowa boys and girls wish to see tumble-weed frolics or prairie fires they must go farther west.

WINTER STORMS

The storms of winter, unhindered by grove or fence or buildings, swept in fierce gales over the wide prairies. It was very unwise for men to venture far from home in such storms, and at times dangerous even to leave the shelter of the house to reach the stable where the cattle and horses were kept. In the blinding snow one might lose his way and never return to his family. To be perfectly safe a rope or line of some kind might be fastened from the cabin to the stable. To be caught on the open prairie was almost certain death.

The snow would begin to fall very gently, perhaps; and no one would suspect the terrible force behind it, or the bad days which were coming. But within a few hours the snow became finer; the wind rose and blew harder and harder from the northwest, for Iowa blizzards always came from that direction. The snow was tossed high in the air and packed by the wind in huge drifts so hard that a team could safely pass over a fence; a hedge row, a stack of hay, any object would

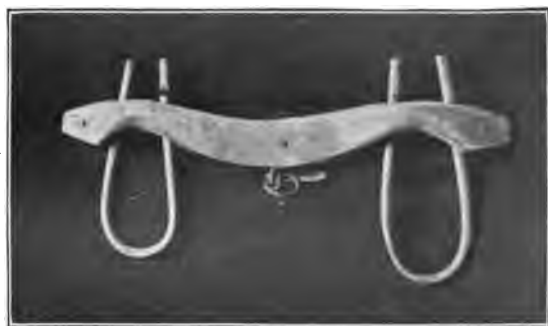
cause a drift. Roads were full; for the storm lasted about three days before the gale lessened.

When the sun came up on the fourth day, the glaring sundogs on either side showed the air filled with flaking frost; and there was one great gray cover over everything. The snow was not white. The strong wind had so stirred it up with dirt that it was even brown at places. But no one was interested in color, for roads must be broken. If they were fenced no attempt, perhaps, would be made to go through. The fence would be taken down or an opening made into the field. And if the snow did not settle under the warm rays of the sun, the field road would be used all winter.

To be shut off from the outside world in some prairie cabin in such a storm was sometimes the cause of much suffering. If the supply of food was low when the storm came, or if the fuel was not plentiful, there might be danger and even death. A good neighbor would find out the needs of those about him and bring relief.

A JOURNEY TO IOWA

An old lady, now ninety years of age, has told of her journey to Iowa in 1838 when she was only twelve years old. Her father lived in Indiana, and nearly a year was spent in getting ready for the long journey. There



THE YOKE

were forty persons altogether who joined the immigrant train of covered wagons. While waiting for these to come together the men did any work they could. The father of this little girl made boots and shoes for the other emigrants.

The outfit for this family was a wagon, two yoke of oxen, and a cow. No one set out on such a long journey by ox wagons and

teams with a heavy load. Only the things that they must have were taken. Very often, it is said, baggage not needed was thrown away because it could not be carried over bad roads. But this family was very careful to keep the cow which could be led along day by day and at the same time would furnish fresh milk for all. Not all of the families took cows along, and they were glad of course to have any milk not needed by the families that could afford to take one.

At night all camped beside the trail and when a fire had been kindled the mother prepared the bread for the evening meal. This was done before the fire by means of a "reflector" which made the heat fall directly upon the baking loaf. This reflector was used all the way and again after the fire place was built in the log cabin. Some of the emigrants, however, carried the Dutch oven, a kind of flat-bottomed kettle with a tight iron cover.

This train of forty persons with their oxen, their covered wagons, and their cows came across Indiana and Illinois to Bloomington,

now called Muscatine, on the Mississippi River. At this place was a rope ferry, already described on another page, by which everything was carried over the river. But it took nearly two days for all to cross and none went on until all were safely on the Iowa side of the stream.

Not all of these emigrants were going to the same part of the country, and after a few days' more travel the family of the twelve-year-old girl, now the old lady of ninety, came to the Iowa River. Again they must cross over; but this time there was no rope ferry,—only an Indian with his canoe, or “dug out”, made out of a log.

This friendly Indian took the family over one at a time. The little girl, her sister, and her mother each went alone, kneeling in the bottom of the “dug out”, or log canoe, and keeping perfectly still. The big Indian rowed carefully and no accident happened, although the mother was very timid;—she never felt very brave when Indians were about. The wagon was taken apart and carried over in pieces while the oxen and the cow had to

swim. For all of his trouble the father of the family paid the Indian one dollar. But a dollar in those days was worth more than it is now.

Even today the old lady remembers that the Indian was dressed as a warrior. He had a white blanket, bought, perhaps, from the trading house not far away, and in rowing the canoe, he threw the blanket off so his arms might be free.

By the time the family had reached the place where the home was to be made, two months had passed since the start from Indiana. It was late in May when they were ready to plant the first crop, and unless the corn was planted or the seed was sown at once there would be no meal or flour for the next winter. On the place where this first crop was planted the old lady has lived for more than seventy-five years; from girlhood to ninety years of age, on the same Iowa farm. Her home is a real "homestead", for one family has always kept it from the very first. There are not many homes of that kind left in our State.

When the little girl came to the new home, the region about it was still the hunting ground of the Indians; they did not wish to give it up, for many kinds of game were found there. The warriors were the neighbors of the family and the great Chief Poweshiek was the friend of the young girl. His hundred braves, dressed in their war paint and on their painted ponies, raced past the white man's home just to please the great chief who was proud of his followers. But this did not mean that they were going to war, nor that they were even unfriendly, for the peace pipe had already been smoked by Poweshiek and the father of the small household. Although the timid mother and the younger sister of this aged lady had no cause to fear these warlike braves, they were so unused to such a sight that it was quite terrifying.

It seems that the old lady was a hungry little girl, and after living for a long, long time on corn cakes and wild honey she was very anxious to have a piece of real wheat bread. It happened one day that an Indian hunting party set out from the village not

far away for a long trip to the northwest along the Iowa River. On the way they had to cross a creek near the log cabin of the little girl's family.

Fortunately for the hungry child, the small stream was full to its banks and the packs had to be removed from the backs of the ponies and be carried over on a log foot-bridge. The leader of the hunting party was a French half-breed named Cotè. He liked his white bread, and Jinny, his squaw wife it is supposed, had baked enough loaves to last during the hunting trip. If the bread got wet it would be spoiled and so it was left in the care of the settler's family until the whole party could get across the smaller stream.

Now came the chance of the child who was hungry for white bread. Although her father had forbidden her to touch anything which the Indians had left with him, she loosened the string which tied the bag and pulled out just one of the squaw's wheat loaves. But just as she began to enjoy her feast behind the log cabin where no one could

see, she was caught in the act by her timid sister, who feared the Indians and the half-breed far more than she dreaded hunger. Now what would her father say? Had he not forbidden this very thing? He must know at once! And what would Cotè say? He only said, "Why didn't you take two?"

PUSHING THE INDIANS OUT OF IOWA

The Indians loved their hunting grounds along the eastern side of the Mississippi River and Chief Black Hawk wished to stay in the land where he was born. But the white people would keep coming over the line between their land which the Indians had already given up and that which the redmen still claimed in Illinois. On the Illinois side of the big river were the corn lands of the Indian tribes and there the men and women and children had been allowed to live until trouble arose. Then a great war broke out which is known in history as Black Hawk's

War, because that chief led the Indian warriors.

When the bitter fight was ended the Indians were defeated and, of course, the government of the United States made them give up some more land. At that time a strip about fifty miles wide along the west side of the Mississippi River and all of it in Iowa was taken away from Black Hawk and his people. From a line running east and west in the northern part of Lee County, to a line running northeast from the corner of Bremer County, all the land for fifty miles back from the Mississippi River, except a narrow strip along the Iowa River, was sold to the United States. But it was not a very high-priced sale of land, since the Indians were paid only about fourteen cents an acre for the six million acres.

The narrow piece which the Indians kept on both sides of the Iowa River was the hunting ground of a part of the tribes. Within the four hundred square miles which had been saved for the Indian hunters, and about twelve miles from the mouth of the Iowa

River, was the village of Chief Keokuk who was one of the great leaders of his people.

The treaty between the Indians and the United States by which this land was bought was made in 1832. But white men were not allowed to come into this new place until in June 1833, unless they came in without letting the soldiers of the United States know where they settled. It was the duty of the soldiers to drive them out until the lawful time had come. A great many tried to enter before the crowd that was waiting to come in 1833; and a good many were driven out.

The Indians could not choose whether or not they would sell their lands. They knew that they must or there would probably be another war; and so they kept moving westward, always westward. In 1836 the narrow strip along the Iowa River which had protected the village of Keokuk was sold to the government of the United States for about eight cents an acre. Keokuk and his people moved away to other Indian lands farther west and beyond the strip fifty miles wide. But the very next year in 1837 another nar-

row slice along the edge of the first strip was bought. It contained a million and a quarter acres which the white men could buy from the United States for one dollar and twenty-five cents an acre. Out of this rich land all the Indians must be gone by 1839.

Among these Indians and along the bank of the Iowa River was Poweshiek's village. He moved up the stream and made another home; but before setting out on the journey the squaws of the tribe waited to bid farewell to their old home and their dead who were buried near by. There was a great moaning and wailing and chanting, for Indian women do not weep as white women do; and the white men who were near at that time have said that it was a sad departure. But even in their sorrow at leaving their dead they did not neglect the claims of friendship, for on the way to their new home they passed the house of their friend Patrick Smith and stopped to say good by to the baby of the family. Then they followed the trail taken by the ponies loaded with the packs of stuff for the camp.

As they moved along toward the north and west, up the stream where they had hunted and fished for many years, they could see the first houses of a new town. And in the center of this town there was the foundation



THE OLD CAPITOL

of a great building. Its walls would soon rise and the building would be called the Capitol of the Territory of Iowa. This building stood on a hill overlooking the river, along which they would journey to the new village and into land not yet claimed by white

men. Even today one may see the same hill and the same building by visiting the Old Capitol at Iowa City. There are not so many stately trees as in the day of Poweshiek's departure; but perhaps one may think of his journey with all his people and their possessions as they, in 1839, passed out of sight of their old home, away from the new town and the building which showed that the Indian could rule no more in that part of Iowa.

There were some famous chiefs who were not to leave Iowa and their favorite hunting grounds; for Chief Wapello died and was buried in the county which bears his name. Black Hawk, too, was allowed to spend his remaining days in Iowa. But Keokuk and Poweshiek were pushed still farther on until they had to give up all their lands in Iowa. They were sent off to a home in northeastern Kansas and all the tribes were soon to follow farther west.

As Poweshiek moved westward he seems to have left his name on the trail he made; for he is remembered in Poweshiek County,

and again in Poweshiek Township in Jasper County where, it is said, he made his last home in Iowa. There were other chiefs, like Mahaska for example, whose names have been kept in our State in some town or county. It would need many pages to tell of all of these, and if one studies a map of Iowa he will see where they are. An Indian name is quite easy to find.

By 1851 all the Indians who had claimed lands in Iowa had agreed to give them up to the United States. But the followers of Chief Poweshiek who had lived so long on the Iowa River did not like their new home in Kansas and became homesick. They did not forget their old hunting grounds; and they began to return in small groups to Iowa. For some time they lived in any way they could; for the United States government would not pay them the yearly allowance which had been promised for their lands unless they would go back to the new home in Kansas. But by and by it was seen that something must be done, and the homesick Indians were permitted to buy some land in

Tama County near the Iowa River. At first they had only a few acres, but now there are about three thousand acres which belong to them. Hereafter they will have a home that no white man can take away.

GETTING AN IOWA FARM

The land in Iowa was not all open to settlers until many years after the first ones were allowed to cross the Mississippi into the land bought from the Indians. But along the eastern part the family which came in the covered wagon or the one which came by boat down the Ohio River and up the Mississippi River could select a farm almost anywhere.

At first there were no farm lines; no one knew exactly where his land began nor where it stopped. It was marked off in the best way by stepping a certain distance each way and putting down stakes or marking trees to show boundaries. The sun at noon and at sunset helped, it is said, to find directions. But in this homely way mistakes would surely be made.

In those days men did not quarrel about the little things like farm lines. Land was too cheap to cause any disagreement over a

small portion along the edge of such a large piece. Each one would give up if he was wrong, for he would have his share when all had been carefully measured. An ordinary farm contained 160 acres but some farms, called half sections, were twice as large. In making his claim the settler had to pay only a small amount of money, for a whole half section would cost only \$400, and \$100 would be enough to fix a claim upon it, or "enter it". If a man just settled down on a piece of land and made no claim he was called a "squatter" and he might be driven away.

THE FIRST HOUSES

After finding a farm which suited him, the settler next selected a place to put his cabin. The family could live in the big covered wagon in which they had traveled for many weeks, perhaps, until the new house was finished. The building would not take very long, for all the neighbors from a distance of many miles would come to help.

The material for the house must be taken from trees which were all about the same size. And one may believe that in finding a place for the cabin some care was taken to have it as near as it could be to good trees. The logs were cut to suit the size of the house, which was usually about sixteen feet square; or perhaps, the sides were made longer than the ends where the fire places were put. After the trees were felled and the logs cut, a chain was put about them and they were dragged, or "snaked" along the ground by oxen or horses, to the site of the new house.

While some men chopped the trees down and cut off the logs the right length, others "saddled" each log. Saddling a log meant cutting notches on both sides at each end so that the log would fit into the one below it and rest closely against it. When the number of logs needed to complete the house had been brought together, all hands laid them up, one above the other, until the walls were high enough. Since the logs lay close together the small cracks left between them could be stopped with "chinking" made of clay.

The gable ends of the house were easily made by cutting each log a little shorter than the one below it until the ridge pole was reached. Of course each log in the gable ends must be fastened to the one below or to other light logs laid from end to end to support the roof. The roof logs were very straight smooth logs but not so heavy as those in the walls. These were laid at certain distances apart, three or four feet probably, and rested upon the sloping walls at either end. On these logs "clapboards" were laid and the clapboards were held in place by poles put on them at certain distances. Then short pieces of wood, chunks or "knees" or "runs", about twenty inches long held these roof poles apart, and kept them from slipping down toward the lower edge of the roof.

"Clapboards", which were used for the roof in place of shingles, were made from the best oak trees. The logs were first cut with ax or saw into blocks about four feet long. Then a tool called a "frow", which had a blade fixed at right angles, or cross

wise the handle, was used to split off the clapboards. The short block having been set on end, the frow was driven into it with a "mallet" or wooden "maul". Then, by wrenching the handle, the flat pieces could be split off.



A FROW

After the house had been enclosed and the roof completed the cracks between the logs had to be stopped with clay. This work was called "chinking", and it is said that each autumn the owner must see that the mud that had fallen out or been washed out by the rains of summer was renewed. When plaster could

be had for chinking, as in the better houses, it lasted longer.

The floor in such houses might be bare, for the earth could be made smooth and hard and it would do. But slabs of wood, or "punch-eons" as they were called, could be hewed with the ax and made quite smooth to cover the earthen floor, and this was the common way of flooring log houses until saw mills were built. Doors were made either of puncheons or of clapboards and they were hung on wooden hinges and had a wooden latch. Through holes bored in the cross pieces and through the clapboards, wooden pins could be driven to hold the door together. With an ax and a saw and an auger no nails were needed in building log cabins. Indeed, nails would have been useless.

The door latch dropped into a socket on the inside and it was opened from the outside by a latch string. The string ran through a hole in the door, and one will readily see that if the hole was made a little above the latch, a pull would lift it out of the notch or socket on the inside. All that was needed to lock

such doors was to pull in the latch string. Perhaps some have heard the familiar saying, "the latch string always hangs out"; which means, of course, that visitors are always welcome, for the door is never locked.

To make the window or windows needed, a piece of log about two feet long was cut out of the wall and the hole was closed with oiled paper. Sometimes glass might be had and once in a while greased deer hide was used. Anything that would admit light and protect the room from the storms and cold would serve for a window cover.

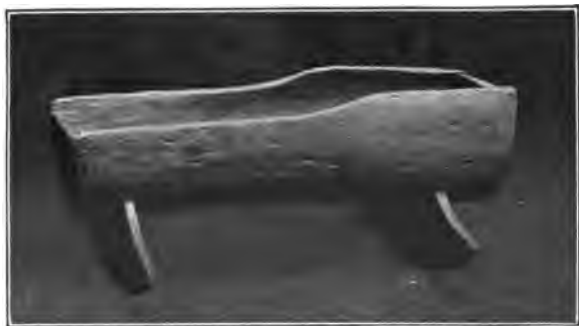
Such a house would not be entirely finished, however, if there were no great fire place in one end. In a cabin sixteen or eighteen feet square almost an entire end would be used for the open fire. The chimney was laid with sticks and mud, or rocks if they could be had; and great logs were rolled into the fire place to protect the back wall from being slowly burned out. These were called "back logs"; but they did not resemble the small stick which is sometimes now called a "back log". The old kind were sometimes too big for two

or three men to lift and they had to be rolled in.

The big fire place would be among the first things to attract attention. Above it, resting on the logs, a shelf or mantel made from a slab would probably be found. On this homely shelf a candlestick, or possibly a lamp, a clock, and perhaps some table ware would be seen. Within the fire place and fastened at one side, the stout crane either of wood or iron swung around to carry the pots and kettles over the blazing fire. There were curious pieces of iron ware; many in some cabins and few in others; for our grandfathers and grandmothers were not too proud to begin with a few simple pieces of furniture.

Over the door of the cabin, always in wooden cleats and fastened to the logs, rested the true rifle of the cabin owner. The powder horn hung near, and these two pieces were as much a part of the furniture as any other household article; for game could not be had at all seasons without the gun. Then sometimes it proved a great friend in danger from

enemies. Not only men but women too were accustomed to use a rifle; and when women were left alone for many days, while men were gone on long journeys to mill, it was necessary that they should know how to shoot.



HOME-MADE CRADLE

In a corner of this one-roomed cottage the pole bed for grown folks was visible; and under it the trundle bed for the little folks was pushed during the day. The large bed was made by boring holes in the wall-logs to hold the side rails and by resting the two ends at the corner of the bed in a forked stick driven in the ground. On these side rails,

poles and bark were laid and the whole could be covered with prairie hay. When made up with the many-colored quilts of our grandmothers it was not at all displeasing to the eye. Perhaps the "prairie bedstead" was not so comfortable as most beds are today, but it gave the tired travelers a place to rest until they could have better ones.

In another corner of the room the large spinning wheel, which was necessary in every frontier home of that time, was kept. Near it there might be another small one. The large one the housewife used to spin wool and the small one she used to spin flax. Elsewhere there was a heavy table, the only one to be sure, and perhaps it was made on the spot by the settler. Chairs or stools also were made from slabs, and patent furniture was not needed. If chairs had been brought along in the emigrant wagon they probably had splint bottoms. Such chairs are now a curiosity.

A homely cupboard, made perhaps from a box or from hewed slabs, held the few dishes possessed by the family. Since there was no

fine china, china cupboards were not needed. These things were very plain; but the people who used them were honest and wholesome and usually happy. Happiness came from the way people used what they had rather than from the hurry to get more.



SPLINT-BOTTOM CHAIR

It may be interesting to know how cooking was done over the big fire which was never allowed to go out; at least if it did go out it was by accident. Sometimes the live wood coals must be borrowed from a neighbor, if there were no steel and flint and tinder to kindle a blaze. To be without fire on a cold winter morning when neighbors were not near would be very unfortunate. The cautious housekeeper always kept live coals. There were no matches until long after those early days in Iowa.

Over the fire great kettles were swung on the crane; or they were hung on poles resting in a chain with pot hooks made from iron or wood. To cook meat a long handled frying pan was either held over the live coals, or it was set upon coals drawn out in front of the fireplace upon the hearth. The same frying pan might serve to bake pancakes, although some housewives preferred the heavy iron spider or skillet.

For baking bread or biscuit the Dutch oven was most useful. It has been described as a flat-bottomed kettle, quite deep and with a heavy tight iron cover. Coals of fire were put all about it and fine bread and biscuit were quickly baked in this way. Sometimes turkey or spare ribs were hung by means of a string before the roaring fire, and as they began to roast a pan was set beneath to catch the drippings. For that reason, it seems, there is a piece of kitchen ware called a "dripping pan" which every kitchen now may have. We cannot understand the meaning of many things unless their history is known.

THE FOOD IN THE LOG CABIN

The food in those days was corn bread, hominy or hulled corn, wild game, salt pork or bacon, honey, and fresh or dried pumpkin. Wheat or white bread, tea and coffee, or cultivated fruits were to be had only on special occasions. The corn and hominy could be prepared at home and wild fruit such as berries, crabapples, and grapes could be found in many places. Wild turkeys and prairie chickens were plentiful, and deer meat or venison is often mentioned in the stories of the pioneers in Iowa.

Honey was found in hollow trees along the streams, and many persons have said they saw so much of it that they did not care for any more. In the southern part of Iowa, a mysterious trail was found which seems to have been made by some "bee hunters". In following along the streams to search for bee trees and to carry the load of honey a wagon had been used. But no one ever learned all about these bee hunters who owned and used a wagon to carry away their honey.

The hominy, which was very common, was

usually made at home. Wood ashes were covered with water which was allowed to run down through them. This strong liquid, called "lye" after it had been "leached" or passed through the ashes and caught in a bucket, would loosen the outside hull of the corn. The corn was covered with this lye and after standing for a number of hours it was taken out and the lye was washed off along with the coarse cover of the kernel of corn. Then it was a simple matter to boil the corn until it was soft and tender. A large quantity could be made at once and there were many ways to cook it. Nowadays people buy factory hominy in cans, and the corn kernel looks very much like that prepared long ago by the log cabin housekeeper in her simple way.

In order not to go hungry in the long winter time, the family must find some way to keep the good things of summer. The pumpkin was among the first vegetables that the settlers raised and it was preserved for winter by being dried. In the same way the meat secured in winter must be prepared for the

summer. It was not unusual to see dried pumpkin and other summer crops hung about the cabin in the winter, and cured or dried wild meat in the summer time. In this way everything possible was done to keep a supply of food.

THE SIMPLE MACHINES OF THE NEW HOME

In selecting a place for the cabin the owner might be fortunate enough to find a living spring of water near by. If not so lucky, he must have a well and draw the water with a bucket. There were no wind pumps or engines to raise the water, and perhaps not even a windlass to pull the bucket up by turning a crank, but there was a simple way by which any man could have some help in lifting the water. For example, by resting a yard stick or any such bar of wood across a support it will be balanced when suspended at the middle, but by hanging something on one end it will tip up.

Such a simple machine was used to pull up the water bucket out of the well. A heavy pole, bigger at one end than at the other, was hung in a forked post set deep into the



SPINNING WHEEL

ground. On the big end of the long pole a load of chunks or wood or of rock was fastened; and to the small end there was fastened a light pole which carried the bucket down into the well. This "well sweep" was not hard to pull down and when the bucket was

full of water, the load on the big end of the pole helped to pull it up. Later a pulley and a rope with a bucket at each end was used to draw the water. In some neighborhoods the



FLAX WHEEL

tall well curb with the pulley at the top may yet be found.

The spinning wheels for yarn and flax which stood in a corner of the cabin were the musical instruments of the housewife. The

first lessons of the young girl were not on the piano but in cooking and spinning. "Store clothes" or even "store cloth" might never be seen in a settlement, for garments were usually home-made. The wool was prepared by hand for the spinning wheel and woven



A SWIFT

into yarn. The flax was prepared for the small wheel and spun into strong thread. Not every family had a loom on which to make cloth, but there might be one among several families in the neighborhood. The sewing was all done by hand, since

machines to do it had not been invented. One would expect to find many skillful needlewomen among the pioneers.

A kind of cloth called linsey woolsey was made out of both wool and flax thread; it was the common cloth for girls and women's dresses. Men and boys wore homespun

woolen clothes, and shoes or moccasins were probably made by fathers in those days when there was no place to buy shoes or boots and little or no money to get them if there had been. Buckskin, the tanned hide of the deer, was very useful. The hunter and trapper and trader made clothes from it; and on the outside of the cabin one would have seen many kinds of skins stretched over a hoop of wood and hung up to dry. Almost every man knew how to tan the skins he took in hunting so that nothing was wasted. Besides one could always sell any kind of fur.

JUST GOOD NEIGHBORS

With all these cares in building houses and in getting food and clothing the early settler found time to be friendly and hospitable. The coming together of all the men to help raise the new cabin was the first sign of this neighborly feeling. If the new family needed food, it was found among the neigh-

bors and sent to the needy ones. Seed for the first crop, perhaps, might be provided. If a family had fresh meat there would always be some for the neighbors. No one seemed to be selfish. Besides they visited back and forth by whole families even when there were great flocks of children to crowd into a small cabin. Of course, fathers and mothers were seated at the table first, because there was not room for all. Children waited without feeling unhappy.

Since neighbors were very far apart it took all day to make a visit. No doubt the boys and girls of the family looked far ahead to the day when a visit would be made; for not very many things happened to change the regular work of the home. There were no circuses, no baseball nor football games in the new Territory across the Mississippi. No one had ever thought of "movies," and the real fun of living and running free was the best thing about the great prairie. To mount a horse and go miles after the cows, and to race a neighbor boy on the way was fun enough.

A BETTER HOUSE

After the cabin built of round logs had been in use for some time a better kind of house made from hewed logs was put up. Hewed or squared logs made smooth walls which could be plastered. Such a house was not only warmer than the chinked one but it was pleasanter to live in. By and by framed houses with heavy joists and sills made out of hewed timber took the place of log houses. But these could not be built until there were saw mills to cut the logs into boards for the sides of the house and for the rooms. Very often black walnut logs were cut into boards for making doors and for finishing the inside of the house. Such lumber now would be too expensive for that purpose, in the houses of most people.

Even now one may occasionally find an old house with the heavy hard wood timbers used to build it long ago. The ax marks of the hewer are still to be seen. Perhaps, the walnut wood finish may be found along the windows and doors or stairway. The oak, which was so common when the first settlers

built their log cabins, is now considered expensive enough.

When there were no great mills to make lumber and shingles to cover the better kind of houses, men sometimes made them by hand. One old lady says that her father hewed them out with a draw knife and a shaving horse. These are strange words to people of today. Some carpenter, however, may keep a draw knife, but in using it he fastens the piece of timber in a vise. Very few carpenters, probably, would know much about a shaving horse. Such a machine held the shingle or timber upon which the man worked very firmly in a clamp. Little by little the shingle was hewed to the thinness and shape wanted. To be sure, these hard wood shingles seem very awkward when they are compared to the smooth cedar or pine shingles made in the great shingle mills of the United States.

The better house seemed to demand better furniture. The old puncheon or dirt floor had been improved by using plank or boards. Rag carpets were soon common and one car-

pet loom in the neighborhood could weave the rags sewed at home and rolled into huge balls for the weaver to use on his shuttles. Some factory chairs were soon bought and



A LOOM

the old stools were cast off. A real bedstead, too, took the place of the old corner "prairie" or pole bed.

THE FIRST FAMILY INDUSTRIES

The building of the first cabins without hammer or nails, and the making of furniture out of the trees that grew near by taught the new settler that he could do many things



SINGLE OX YOKE

with a few tools. The first houses did not cost very much; the first clothing was very plain, yet no one found fault with it.

With the simplest home and the homeliest clothes the first real step in advance came when the farmer planted his first crop of corn. The sod was turned over with a plow

which perhaps had been brought along in separate parts from his old home. The fixing of the iron and wooden parts in their proper places was called "stocking" the plow. An old gentleman who came to Iowa in 1837 said that he had to borrow the tools to put his plow together, or to "stock it". If it was necessary, a shovel plow could be made of wood. But this would do only for cultivating in the soft ground; for a very strong plow must be used to tear up or to break the tough sod which must always be plowed before any crop could be grown.

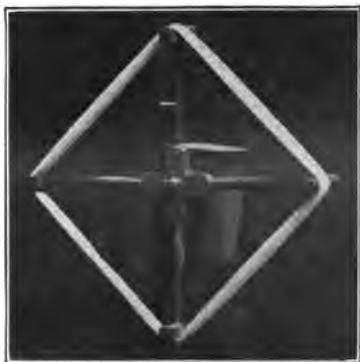
It has been said that along the edge of the woods the sod was more readily turned than in the open prairie. But perhaps the corn was planted the same way in either place. This planting was most easily done by using an ax to cut a gash in the sod into which the kernels of corn were dropped by hand. There were no machines then to which horses could be hitched and which could be drawn over fields to drop the corn. The whole family of boys and girls would go into the field to drop corn.

The soft ground was marked out into little squares about three feet each way by markers drawn by horses; and just where the lines crossed the three or four kernels for each hill were dropped and covered with earth by means of a hoe. Of course, on the first sod turned no such marking could be made; but one could follow along the furrow marks to make a straight row. By and by the ground was plowed again, and every year the sods were broken up into finer particles. In the old farms of today there is no more native sod, nor are there wild flowers.

About the new farm and the growing crop the owner built a fence. Since he had come from a place where all farms were fenced with rails laid up one above the other at an angle like those in the cover picture, he planned the same kind for his Iowa farm. That was one reason for selecting a claim, or farm, near the woods. Men could make rails by splitting logs up with iron or wooden wedges and a wooden maul. It has been said that it took 6400 rails to fence a field of forty acres. Nowadays no one in Iowa would even

think of making rails, because there are better and quicker ways of making a fence.

In all farm work oxen or horses were hitched to wagon or plow and the farmer made his own ox yoke; or he made a harness from rope and chains or other material. For the indoor work the hand loom for weaving



A REEL

was made; and in one county during the winter of 1839 at least nine looms were built. The ax, the drawing knife, the auger, and the saw were all the tools the settler

had in manufacturing these looms. The same tools served to make spinning wheels and reels on which to wind the yarn. Such tools were used also to make many things needed about the new farm when there were no shops near by. Shops would not be built until there were more settlers.

In harvesting the wheat and oats and rye or other small grain crops, the scythe and the cradle and the strong arms of men were the tools used. It took a long time to find out how to make horses or engines do all the hard work. A cradle was like a scythe with fingers extending from the curved handle or "snath" to hold the grain. It could then be laid in a "swath" or bundles and bound with straw by men who came behind the "cradler", or the man who cut the grain. Perhaps if the crop was very small, only a few acres, a hand sickle might be used. But that was a very slow way to harvest.

After the grain had been cut and bound into bundles, and after it had become fairly dry, it was threshed and cleaned in the following very interesting way: a piece of clean level ground was chosen and packed hard; the sheaves of grain were spread out in a circle with the heads turned toward the center; then as many horses or oxen as could be used were brought into the circle and caused to walk around and around on the heads of the grain. From time to time the

grain was turned and then tramped again, until by repeated turnings and trappings the grain was about all separated from the straw.



GRAIN CRADLE

But all the chaff and perhaps some dirt remained mixed with the grain. If the wind blew, both the chaff and dirt could be blown out by tossing the grain several times in the air. Sometimes a fanning mill, which had been brought along by some thrifty settler, served a whole neighborhood of Iowa farm-

ers. A mill of this kind had a hopper into which the grain could be poured. It ran down over a sieve, or maybe two or three sieves, and was shaken back and forth by a crank turned by hand. The crank was so attached that it turned a wheel with large fans which blew over the sieve, or sieves, and removed the light chaff and dust. Many boys who have grown old since then remember the long hours they spent in turning the fanning mill crank.

The scythe was the first machine used to cut hay. In the summer time the oxen and horses could graze on the rich grasses near the settler's home, but in the winter there must be a supply of hay. This was cut and carefully dried in the warm days of summer. The new mown hay was stacked near the hay-covered stable and when fierce storms blew across the prairies it was carried to the stock safely sheltered within. The fragrant dried grass, when kept well, was sufficient to keep horses and cattle through the long winter. Sometimes one reads about the fragrance of the new mown hay; but it does not mean very

much unless one has really smelled it in the field or mow when it was being made in the summer time.

The farmer swung his scythe close to the ground in a wide circle, and laid the long grass at his left side in a smooth windrow. Men and women or boys and girls came behind and with a wooden rake spread the grass out thinly over the short, sharp stubble. The hot sun dried it and, when cured, it was quickly raked together and gathered under cover or in stacks which would shed the rain. If, when the hay was ready to bring in, a rain should suddenly come up, there was a great hurrying of the work by all hands. For if the dry hay should be wet its fragrance would be largely spoiled.

The modest way of harvesting and haying by such simple machinery was soon changed. Horse machines were used to mow hay and to cut the grain. A mower was invented and the sharp sickle running rapidly back and forth on a long bar caused the grass to fall in a smooth swath behind it. The hay could then dry without being spread by hand;

and it could be raked into windrows by hand rakes or by a horse-rake, which was likewise soon invented. A wooden horse-rake was not hard to make and, as he made other useful apparatus, the farmer put together his own or bought a patent one.

The first reaper for grain had a platform which caught the falling stalks. A man came along behind or rode on the machine and when a bundle was big enough, he pushed it off on the ground. Other men and boys, four or five perhaps, followed and bound up the sheaves with a straw band. A single machine at first was made use of by a good many families in the same neighborhood, because they could help each other in binding up the sheaves and gathering them into shocks. By and by when all the grain was cut by machines and stacked in one place, and when machines to thresh the sheaves had been invented, the neighbors would help each other thresh the whole harvest at once. No one refused to help unless he had some misfortune which would excuse him.

To find a market for the crops was one of

the most important things for the first settlers. There was no way to get wheat or meat to the towns on the Mississippi where boats could carry the produce away, except by teams. And the bad sloughs, which heavy loads would scarcely cross, made teaming very hard. Only by going together with several loads and by helping each other could men reach the market.

For a short time there was great hope that boats would run regularly on the Wapipinicon, on the Cedar, on the Iowa, and on the Des Moines Rivers. These rivers could be used then to carry away the farmers' crops. The boats did run and in some cases carried freight and passengers from towns on the Cedar as far up as Waterloo, on the Iowa as far as Iowa City, and on the Des Moines far up into the State. A good sized boat ran clear from Pittsburg, Pennsylvania to Cedar Rapids. Down the Ohio and up the Mississippi and the Cedar Rivers it journeyed without any mishap; and when such a trip could be made, people believed that Iowa rivers would be navigable.

Cargoes of flour were taken down the Cedar River to the markets at St. Louis. Passengers were carried down the Iowa river on several occasions, and once a cargo of corn which was being towed down stream on a flat boat was lost in the river because the flat boat broke into two pieces. But the hope that this trade would continue was soon given up and attention was turned to getting a railroad.

A good many years went by before the things needed in the new home were made in factories. And some persons have believed that it was a happy time in the history of the United States, and of our State, when almost everything one needed was made at home. All persons seemed contented, unselfish, and glad to help an unfortunate neighbor.

EARLY FLOURING MILLS

Although there were different kinds of mills which the first settlers needed, the most important was one to make corn meal and

wheat flour. If one could bring together all the kinds of machines used by the pioneers to grind up their corn and wheat it would make a very interesting collection.

There were hand mills, not much larger than a coffee mill, which cracked wheat and corn fine enough to make bread. Such coarse meal or wheat grains would do when no one could hope to have fine white flour. In time of great need a coffee mill might be used in place of this hand mill, and many housewives were glad to make corn cakes, or "corn dodgers" as they were called, from the coffee mill meal.

If a mill could not be found, a grater made by punching holes through a piece of tin, something like a nutmeg grater, might be used. If the corn was too old and hard, it had to be softened first to make it grate well. New corn, of course, was easily prepared in this way for baking into bread. Mills run by horse power followed the hand mill; and these were among the first in the country. Sometimes such mills only cracked the corn, and so they were called "cornercrackers".

In building small mills along the streams men sometimes used the large stones or boulders found on the prairie. The two



MILLSTONES MADE FROM BOULDERS

stones, like the upper and the lower stones in a real flour mill, were cut out of the rock. They were then set on a spindle so the one would turn upon the other, and as the corn or wheat dropped from the hopper between the two revolving stones the grains would be

crushed. Such flour would need to be sifted to take out the coarse part called bran.

When mills were built upon the streams, dams had to be constructed. These were soon built in many places, although at first men had to drive many miles to get their meal and flour. Some of the people who came first crossed the Mississippi into Illinois to go to mill. Ox teams were often driven fifty, sixty, or eighty miles and families were left alone sometimes for two or three weeks while the father went to mill. Even after reaching the mill he might have an unhappy time in waiting his turn; for since a great many men had come from many directions at the same time, they had to be served in the order in which they reached the place. A kind miller would always run his mill night and day so that the journey home could be begun as soon as possible.

Suppose people now living in Marion County had to go to Burlington, one hundred miles away, to mill; or those at Fort Dodge had to go to Des Moines or Oskaloosa as they did at one time; and in going suppose they

had to drive a slow ox team. In these hurried days they would probably think that a great hardship. When mills were built near enough to permit a man to go and to return with his flour on the same day, it was getting quite comfortable to live anywhere.

The water mills, to be sure, could not run all the time; for the water might be low in the hot summer season, or it might freeze deep in the winter. When anything interfered with the water power mill the miller had to use the old horse mill until there was enough water again. After steam power was used to run mills there was no more trouble of that kind.

It was about 1848 that the first steam mill was put up in Davenport, and when it was ready to grind wheat a grand opening was held. At the feast of good things served to those who were invited the bread was made from flour ground that very day in the new mill. The new bread perhaps was much better when eaten with roast turkey and chickens and roast pig, and the pies and cakes which the three hundred guests ate, than bread would have been when eaten alone.

The Iowa counties which had good streams had plenty of mills after they had become well settled. Scott County, for example, had many more than any other county near it, and people came from all directions with their "grist", or grain, to be ground. The "Honest Miller" was a nickname once given to the owner of a mill who in this early time always took just his rightful share of the flour; for the miller received his pay for his work in a small part of the flour made.

Men who ventured to build such large mills as the first steam mill in Davenport were thought to be almost crazy. What would one do with a mill that could make hundreds of barrels of flour in so short a time? But now the little mill in the country beside the small stream has gone and the great mills of the cities make thousands of barrels of flour every day. Here and there in Iowa an old water mill remains, but the wheels of most of them do not turn any more. By examining the flour sack at home one may find out whether the flour he eats is made in Iowa or in some other State.

SAW MILLS

But the mills which helped to feed the pioneer were not much more important than those which made lumber for his better house. As already mentioned, the ax and the auger and the hand saw were tools enough to build a house. But when boards were wanted a saw mill was quite necessary.

These saw mills were set up along the woods near some home and the logs of hard wood were hauled to them with ox teams. After the logs were sawed into boards they were hauled back to the building place. Each man, of course, took the lumber from his own logs just as he took the flour made from his own wheat when he went to the grist mill.

The pine lumber, which one sees every day, came at first from Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, or from Cincinnati. A short time after Iowa had been settled along the Mississippi River great rafts of logs were brought down from pine woods of Wisconsin. For many days in the year these rafts could be seen by people who lived near by the rivers. Large saw mills and planing mills were built in some

cities to turn the logs into smooth lumber, which the settlers would take away in wagons. Until the railroads were built the pine lumber had to be carried in wagons to any place back from the Mississippi.

WOOLEN MILLS

Although cloth could be made by spinning and weaving at home as women did at first, it was not long until mills to do this work were built. This was a great accommodation and also added to farm profits, for farmers could raise more sheep, to supply the mills with wool. Sometimes flour mills added a machine to "card" the wool, and this alone saved much hand labor.

Very slowly, then, the needs of the early settlers were met and people began to live better, to have better houses, and to make their clothing more easily. Since that time many, very many, other mills and factories have been built, so many, indeed, that a whole book would be needed to describe them.

LIVING ON GAME

When the hunting grounds of the Indians were given up to the white settler there were many kinds of game which would help to furnish his family with food. Skill in hunting might be necessary to capture some kinds of



BEAR TRAP

game; but almost any one could get meat enough for his household. Wild turkeys and prairie chickens were found in large numbers and deer meat was quite common. During the winter the thrifty family prepared a part of the game to keep over the summer. Venison, or other meat, could be dried just as beef is dried; and often about the log cabins the

summer meat would be seen hung up to rafters or on supports fastened in the log wall, near the fireplace.

In 1838 deer meat could be bought for two or three cents a pound and prairie chickens were so plentiful that they were given away. Although some kinds of game were preferred for food, there were other kinds which hunters sought for their valuable furs. Then again, some animals were such pests that they were shot just to get them out of the way.

The wolves were very annoying, for they would boldly carry off young sheep and pigs and chickens. The farmer had great difficulty in keeping small stock of any kind unless he had good tight fences. In order to clear the country of these hungry creatures, great wolf hunts were planned among a large group of men and boys. By forming a circle several miles across and slowly closing it up on all sides they drove the wolves toward the centre and killed many of them.

The black timber wolf was not so common as the gray wolf of the prairies, but he was

just as destructive. When very hungry in the cold days of winter these animals would come so close to the settler's cabin that they could be shot. The prairie wolf and his dismal howling during the night is well known to many now living in Iowa. Occasionally a black wolf is caught and the gray ones are quite frequently captured. But they do not go in packs any longer, nor come so close to houses as in that early day when they were dangerous enemies.

In recent years a reward has been paid to any one who killed an old wolf or captured a young one. Sometimes baby wolves are dug out of their dens in the ground and they have often been kept as pets. But their wolfish nature is sure to show and they do not make pleasant playfellows. The hound, it is said, is the only dog that would capture a wolf, for the common cur would follow the animal only so long as he kept running. When the wolf stopped the dog would stop and refuse to fight. Indeed, such cowardly dogs have often joined in play with the wolf as two puppies would play. But the faithful hound never

failed to bring the wolf to bay; nor did he stop to play with his enemy.

AN INDIAN USES HIS EYES — A LEGEND

Among so many people who came from other lands to the new homes in Iowa it would have been very strange not to find a few who were not honest. The story of "Flying Arrow" who lost his venison in some mysterious way shows that there must have been a thief in his neighborhood.

Having returned from a hunt, "Flying Arrow" hung his deer meat in his wigwam. He set out then to find leaves and sticks, to make his evening fire by which he could cook his venison. He soon returned with his arms loaded, for there was an abundance of fallen branches and dry leaves all about his wigwam. His fire soon burned brightly and he was ready to prepare his meat. But lo! when he went for his joint of venison it was gone, and there were no signs by which any white man could have followed the robber.

The eyes of "Flying Arrow", however, were very keen and he saw many things which told him at once something about the person who had stolen his food. At once he caught up his war club and sprang through the forest in pursuit. Only an instant, it seems, did he need to see the tracks of the thief. As he swiftly followed the trail while keeping his eyes fixed on the ground ahead of him, a white neighbor happened to cross his path. "What do you seek?" asked his white friend. "I seek", said "Flying Arrow", "a little old man carrying a short gun. He is followed by a little dog with a stumpy, bushy tail. This man is a thief; he has entered my wigwam and stolen my venison. I will crush both him and his dog."

"Why, brother", replied his white neighbor, "I met such a man not far from here, and truly he carried venison on his shoulder; but how could you know all these things seeing you were away in the forest?"

Although "Flying Arrow" was in a great hurry to catch up with the little old man and his bushy-tailed dog, he stopped to tell his

friend how he knew. "I found", he said, "a pile of stones under the hook where I hung my venison; had the thief not been a short man he would not have used these to stand upon. I knew he must be old, because his footsteps are close together; and he must be a white man because his toes turned out, which as you know, an Indian's never do. Had his gun been long, the muzzle would have left no mark when leaned against a tree, as this gun has when placed against a tree trunk. So you see, my white brother, it was easy, to one who used his eyes, to describe the thief."

"But what about the dog?" inquired the friend. "You say that it was a little dog with a short stumpy tail." "Flying Arrow" was not disturbed when he said, "Did not the tracks of the dog show that his feet were close together? And did not the short, bushy tail measure itself in the sand as it wagged back and forth while the dog watched his master unhook the venison? But goodbye, my brother, I must hasten or I shall not catch the thief and get back my venison for my supper!"

THE STAGE AND MAIL COACH IN IOWA

More than seventy-five years have passed since men began to travel in Iowa over a regular stage line. Such a line was run about 1840 from Bloomington (now Muscatine) to Iowa City, the new capital of the Territory. Three times each week the two-horse rig carried passengers and baggage either way over this journey of thirty miles. The men, and women too if any were travelling in that way, paid three dollars each, and three dollars more if they had one hundred pounds of baggage. Children went for half-fare as they do now on the railroad. If one could now go directly by railroad between those two cities it would cost only about sixty cents, and a moderate amount of baggage would be taken free.

Very soon the four-horse coach displaced the old two-horse outfit and the time to make the journey was shortened. There were two well-known names of stage lines in Iowa and

they are worth remembering. One which came into the Territory very early was known as the Frink and Walker Company; the other one, which was much more powerful and which ran coaches in several great States of the west, was called the Western Stage Company.

When a main line of coaches was run east and west it went just as far as settlements were made. Gradually it was extended until it crossed the whole State; but as the railroads were built the oldest part of the line was abandoned in the eastern section of the State. All along the main east and west line other shorter ones were run north and south. It was in just the same way that the railroads have built short lines out from the main ones like the veins in a tree leaf.

Anyone will understand how important the roads were from the very first; for traveling by stage was very unpleasant and very slow when roads were bad. Besides, the mails were very much delayed at certain seasons of the year. Even now people become impatient because a railway train is delayed; but what

would such persons do if they had to travel in the old way?

In 1844 another line of stage and mail service was established from Galena, Illinois, past Bellevue on the Mississippi, to Andrew in Jackson County; to Maquoketa post office, Thorn, and Anderson's Mills on the Wapsipinicon. It went through Tipton, in Cedar County, and crossed the Cedar River at Washington or Gower's Ferry, now called Cedar Bluffs; and from there it followed a direct road to Iowa City.

From Iowa City westward there were two long mail routes in 1844. One ran to the county seat of Poweshiek County, now Montezuma; and another to the county seat of Mahaska County, now Oskaloosa. Probably the county seats where the mail route ended were no more than a few cabins where a town has since been built.

The round trip from Galena to Iowa City, about one hundred miles long, was to be made once each week. The man who agreed to make this trip and to carry the mail for the United States, must set out on his journey

from Galena at six o'clock on every Monday morning. It would take him all of Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday to get to the end of his trip. The second half of the weekly journey, on the return trip, must be begun at Iowa City at six o'clock on Thursday morning and be completed at six o'clock on Saturday night at Galena.

It was about seventy miles across the country to the county seat of Mahaska County. To this place the stage driver or mail carrier must start at four o'clock in the morning on Wednesday and arrive at the court house at Mahaska the next day by eight o'clock at night. On the return he set out at the same hour on Friday morning, and arrived at the end of his journey at eight Saturday evening. Over these routes the drivers or riders must go in all kinds of weather in both summer and winter.

One of the first mail carriers on the Galena road has told of his experiences in 1846. For two years he made the two hundred miles once a week. Every day, therefore, he averaged thirty-three and one-third miles on

horseback. He always spent Sunday in Galena, Illinois, although his home was in Tipton, Iowa. He kept two saddle horses so that he could change them at his home each way on the journey. For this service he was paid \$750 a year; about one dollar and a half a day after paying all of his expenses.

The old mail carrier, now more than eighty years of age, says that there were many pleasant things about his rides over the prairies during the two years. Often he rode fifteen or twenty miles without passing a single house. There was, he said, plenty of time to think; and in the pleasant summer weather there was much to be enjoyed. But when the biting cold and fierce storms of winter came on there was not only discomfort but great danger. He remembers riding one day when the thermometer stood at thirty-five degrees below zero. To keep from freezing he wore buckskin trousers tanned by the Indians. His overshoes were made of buffalo skin with the hair on the inside and he never went without his big fur coat and cap. Even then on the great open prairie where there were no

trees or houses or barns to stop the gale, he was much exposed in the blizzards, which are known only to those who have lived or traveled during the winter in such regions.

The Albin stage line ran from Davenport through Blue Grass and Center Grove in Scott County; past the Albin home in Cedar County; across the Cedar River at Rochester, and by the post offices of Peedee, Springdale and West Branch in Cedar County. It ran as far west as Iowa City. In 1849 an Albin boy, thirteen years old, helped his father in driving the teams on this forty-mile ride, and he recalls many events of that time. Since the Albin home was about the middle station on the route, there the horses were changed and stages were sent out in either direction, east or west. In the winter time the Cedar River, the only large stream on the way, could be crossed on the ice. In the summer time it was forded unless the water was too high. When anything prevented crossing, coaches would run to either side and passengers and baggage could be ferried over.

It took ten hours to go the whole length of

this stage route of about forty miles; and horses were changed every ten miles. When roads were bad four horses were driven on each coach. Sometimes extra outfits were added to carry the passengers; for seven passengers made a load and during the last years of the service an average of twenty-one passengers on each trip had to be carried. There were many men coming into Iowa to buy land or to go to the capital of the State on business.

Sometimes the boy driver was glad to get rid of his load; for the stage often carried valuable packages of money sent from the land offices to the government treasury. Guards were sent along with these shipments of gold, but still there might be danger of robbery. Once a party of southern gentlemen came to Davenport and took passage on the stage. They were in search of negro slaves who had escaped from their masters; and the whole party was going to the end of the journey with the boy driver. The five men questioned the boy, who says that he knew well where darkies might be concealed.

Indeed, the stage ran right through a neighborhood where the slaves had many friends who would hide them during the day and carry them on their way north at night. But this boy could keep a secret and the slave drivers got no information from him. He has said that he was "never so glad to unload any passengers as those five fellows."

Not until about 1855 was this stage line given up. Then the first railroad in Iowa running west from Davenport took the place of all the stages. Westward, however, there were the same stages, which continued to carry on this work for many years. At first main lines were established east and west, and afterward short lines in all directions north and south. From Des Moines to Keokuk, for example, the Western Stage Company furnished, at first, wagons without springs and with white muslin covers. These were drawn by two horses. The first day out from Des Moines took the load to Oskaloosa, the second day the stage reached Fairfield, and at the end of the third day the traveler would arrive at Keokuk. His trip would have

cost him ten dollars; probably three times as much as now.

A line of two-horse vehicles called "jerk-eyes" ran from Keokuk to Davenport. It, also, was managed by the Western Stage Company, a great concern running stages in as many as eight States like Iowa at the same time. It took many thousands of men to drive the stages and care for the horses and stables kept at many points by this company.

An old Concord coach like those owned by this company may now be found in the State Historical Department at Des Moines. It took four horses to pull the big coach and its load of passengers who rode on the inside and also on the outside. It was quite an exciting event in the history of a new town or post office when the stage came rolling in with its high seated driver, its four strong horses, and its big swinging coach full of passengers. Nothing more interesting, perhaps, occurred until the first railroad train made the old coach useless for traveling long distances.

After that happened the old coaches that cost as much as one thousand dollars when

new could be had for as little as ten dollars. A great many men would pay much more than ten dollars now for an old coach just to keep it as a curiosity.

It should not be forgotten that in the days of the stages and four-horse Concord coaches the roads were very often troublesome. The wide muddy sloughs or wet bottom land along some streams were dreaded by both drivers and travelers. On the main coach line from the eastern part of Iowa to Des Moines the Western Stage Company arranged to keep at certain places oxen and wagons with wide tires, that is with wide rims, on the wheels.

Because the oxen were better able than horses to cross soft ground; and because the wide tired wagon wheels would not settle down so far in the mire, loads could be carried over to meet coaches waiting on the other side. At rivers impassable for teams passengers and baggage would be taken over in boats and coaches or wagons would be ready over on the other side.

But by day and by night the drivers were

faithful and the weary horses did not fail to bring passengers through to their journey's end. Fresh horses were ready at short distances so that they were driven hard all the way. Over rough roads the old coach was not so comfortable as a Pullman sleeping car. It made no difference what kind of a man or woman was traveling in such vehicles. Rich or poor, high or low, they must share the same comforts or discomforts; and be glad that there was a way to get over the country.

Just as a boy now might wish to be an engineer so the boy in stage coach days probably looked forward to becoming a driver of a four-horse team hitched to a big coach. The big whip would crack like a pistol when swung over the horses by the driver; and he, in his tipsy seat, laughed at the danger along the way. It took courageous men to follow the business of driver through the whole year, and none should forget what that meant to Iowa in the early days of its settlement.

WAPSIE-PINICON — A LEGEND

Every stream we cross, and every one shown on the map of our State has some story which tells how it came to be named. It would not be hard to tell why some little brook was called Sugar Creek; for along many streams the hard maple or sugar trees were tapped by the Indians and first settlers to make sugar. But the meaning of other names is not so easily discovered and the story of many which are familiar enough is now hidden away so far in the past that it has become somewhat fairy-like in the telling.

There is a pretty tale about the Wapsipinicon, or Waubessapinicon as it was spelled at first. The name is Indian and means "white potatoes". It was so named because of the large numbers of wild artichokes which grew along its banks. That must be the truth since men who knew all about the Indian language have said it was so and no one now would venture to contradict such men.

But a more interesting account of the name has also been given by other writers. It runs something like this: long ago, when the red man still roamed over all this woodland and prairie, and hunted and trapped and fished along the streams, a village on the bank of the great river, the Mississippi, was built by the bravest warriors of the Blackhawk tribe. About two days ride toward the setting sun there was another Indian village very much like the first one mentioned; and perhaps the white man would have seen no difference. But this was occupied by another people. And beyond the hills that bordered the Mississippi lay the smooth prairie for miles and miles.

Quasqueton was a little Sioux village which seemed to have dropped from the clouds, because there was no other for miles around. The nearest of the red men were to be found in the village of the Blackhawk people. Although there were beautiful hills and valleys and flowered prairies, sparkling streams, and many kinds of game to satisfy the Indian heart, the old warriors did not forget their

old hatred of other tribes. The Indian women, however, seemed to understand the voices of the woods and hills and to answer them in kindness to those near by.

Among the village maidens was Wapsie, the favorite child of the Blackhawk chief Good Heart. Her mother had long ago been called away by the Great Spirit, but little Wapsie had scarcely known her loss because chief Good Heart, although he might be a stern warrior, was very gentle with his little daughter. She was trained in all the Indian woodcraft, to row, to swim, to run with the swiftest Indian. She owned the lightest canoe, the daintiest bow and arrows; she wore the softest moccasins and brightest beads. But with all these favors and the gentle care of her warrior father she did not forget to be loving and generous. Such a gentle maiden would, of course, have lovers by the score, all brave young fellows who would dare to do anything to please her.

All had gone well in the Blackhawk tribe, for the tomahawk had long been buried and peace had not been broken. One day, how-

ever, a warrior was missing; and search being made for his body, it was found pierced with arrows which were soon recognized as belonging to the tribe of the Crows. At once the Blackhawk tribe summoned the Sioux to help them punish the Crows.

Among the Sioux braves was Pinicon, the son of chief Black Feather, who met the daughter of Good Heart, the beautiful Wapsie. There were many jealous braves among those of the two tribes, but since Wapsie preferred the favors of Pinicon, only one, Fleet Foot, refused to leave them in peace. He wickedly determined to follow Pinicon and kill him. On the evening of the wedding day the two lovers were rowing upon the river. Fleet Foot knew of this pleasure trip and, hidden from view, followed along the stream. Perhaps it was well that the two happy occupants of the canoe who were rowing slowly up the stream, did not know of their danger. They did not come to shore but conversed while paddling their frail craft. Suddenly at some word of Pinicon the maiden, Wapsie, put her hand to his lips. This caress angered

the watchful and jealous Fleet Foot who shot an arrow into the heart of Pinicon. Wapsie sprang to aid him and in doing so overturned the canoe. They sank together — Wapsie-Pinicon. And since then all who stop to think about this stream can hear in its ripples the voices of these two.

THE FIRST SCHOOLS IN IOWA

When the settlers came to Iowa from their old homes they brought along the books they happened to have, and these were ready to be taken to the first school. But the children of the household had to wait some time before there was any teacher. Perhaps the mother or father would be the teacher until there were families enough to make a neighborhood school; and then some one would hear classes in a settler's home until a log school house could be built. Every one would help to build the house, for there was no money to use for that purpose. The school room was built of logs with a fire place in one end, much the same as an ordinary log dwelling. The seats were long benches running the entire length of the room and desks were made by placing puncheons or planks on supports fastened to the log walls.

Some of the pupils of that time say that they could face either way, toward the center


of the room or when they wanted to use the desk toward the wall. In their work there were no maps, crayons, or other helps such as children now have. The blackboard might be no better than a plank put against the wall and painted black. One has been described as being only two feet wide and four feet long. The erasers, perhaps, were made from sheep-skin nailed to a block with wool outward, and the chalk was in chunks very awkward to handle. But it was real chalk instead of crayon.

In the first country schools the children came from long distances; for three or four miles was not believed to be a very long way to go to school. There were many large pupils too, since there were no high schools then and any school was thought good enough for all to attend. The teacher had to hear the pupils recite in whatever books the first settlers had brought and of course there were many kinds of books in the same school. The teacher could not ask them to buy books all alike, because there was no way to get them. But there were many good scholars in

such schools in spite of the hard times. They knew their arithmetic very well; and they could spell all the words in the books. In those days not much time was spent on grammar or language, because this was not so important, it was thought, as reading, writing, and arithmetic.

The fine buildings of today, costing very many thousands of dollars, had not been thought of by anyone. And then parents had to pay for each pupil for the time he attended, because there were no taxes to pay teachers. Besides, the pupils or their parents must bring their share of the wood for the school house stove. In some places also the use of the stove was a part of the expense. An account of that time shows ten cents for the use of the stove for each pupil who attended the school.

The teachers did not receive much pay and women always had less than men. Of course they "boarded around" among the families of the pupils and in that way they had few expenses. Men usually taught the winter schools, since there were very many large



pupils and people had not learned that women were as able as men to manage large boys. But there were good times at school when many boys and girls brought their small brothers and sisters and all went to the same teacher. There were no graded schools then; such schools were not opened in Iowa until after 1850.

SEEING, HEARING, AND READING

Just as "Flying Arrow" used his eyes one may find out many things for himself, every day. Just as the friend of "Flying Arrow" learned of the skill of the Indian in discovering the kind of man who had stolen his food, one may carefully listen to the true stories of his own State. Besides, one may read very many things which will tell about the early history of Iowa and of the men and women who helped to form the government and to make this State one of the great United States. Only a small part, only the very beginning, of these events can be put into one

small book. How the land was made into a Territory; how it became a State; and how counties and townships were set off and named will be learned in other books.

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